

The year was 2026, and we were in the midst of a global war. Tensions between rivaling countries finally poured over into a heap of uncontrollable chaos. World War 3 had engulfed nearly the entire globe. Bodies piled up on every street, toxins spilled in the ocean, and whole communities were destroyed. All of this being meaningless as nothing was solved. Three years of mass destruction and the same countries who hates one another before hated one another after. The problems remained, but the people didn't. The biggest effect though was on the women. You see Russia and the United States were at a stand still trying to see who could out last one another. With Russia not letting down, the U.S dropped the atomic bomb "Hell Mary" smack dab in the middle of Moscow. Killed 120,000 citizens in the process. The most notable being Karina Khorkina, the first lady of Russia. Of course Russia responded, but not the way you would think. You see everyone was expecting Russia to drop a nuclear bomb of its own, but after weeks of waiting nothing happened. But nothing happened, at least immediately, and with that everyone thought America won the war and would remain the big brother or leader if you will of the world. Boy didn't we see what was coming, I don't think Russia truly saw either. The Russians waited four months to respond, and they dropped several miniature bombs in the major American cities. You know, New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago. The bomb released a deadly chemical combination that got into everybody's immune system and was supposed to kill us by the masses. And killed it did, but mostly women. Not saying the men were immune, but girls were dropped like flies, bodies overflowing hospitals and falling into the street. America quickly identified the new chemical and bombed Russia back, and with that the war had started again. This deadly combination that we call "Sweet Lady" was being dropped all across the world. And for months no one noticed the countless women and girls perishing. Finally, the world leaders

took their heads outta each other's asses and their hands of the guns to realize the tragedy they caused. At this point nearly 70% of the females had died from the chemicals and war. That's where the real problems began.. Fast forward a year after the war, and the world population had decreased by 7 billion, with women accounting for only 15% of it. Several of the world's leaders realized that the population would continue to decrease if we didn't have enough women here to bear children. Such a realization was important yet deadly. In an attempt to repopulate the world, a coalition of 102 countries was formed. Together in secrecy they signed the "Livelong" agreement. I don't know exactly what the agreement says, but the gist is that in order to increase the world population to the desired number, women would have to be sacrificed. Not in the way you're probably thinking. Shortly before the war started, scientist made the first fake humans. Fake-ish. They planned to use the eggs of women who survived, combine them with genetically modified sperm to produce humans. The genetically modified sperm allowed for fully developed humans to be born within a month. Crazy shit that only the sadistic people in charge would think of. And with that they began kidnapping woman trying to take their eggs. This grew most rapidly in the big countries like the United States, Russia, and Mexico which experienced great numbers of fatalities as result of their heavy participation in the war. In the minds of these governments, people equaled numbers, and numbers equaled power. The one thing that want is power. Anyway, this practice for the most part went unnoticed. Post war, we were still trying to get our own shit together, much less wonder what anyone else was up too. If anybody took their eyes off themselves for two seconds they would've realized that there was fewer and fewer of the few left. I'm in the ignorant group of those wondering what her next move would be, not taking a second to look around me. Before I continue, I should say who her, or me is. I'm Janice Hall. I

was eighteen years old when the War first started. Left my home in San Francisco, describe the home to snag a degree in political science from Penn. For me, home was a little house only minutes away from the shore. It's where I had Sunday dinners with my brother, sister, and parents. Where I spent my time half studying half partying. When I moved to Philadelphia I began waitressing at a local Chili's while I was waiting for the fall semester to start. I originally planned to be a lawyer, but I switched and planned to go in journalism. It was one day coming home from work that I was truly awoken. It was dark, and my uber was running late. I stood on the corner looking down the street, when the silence of the outside was disrupted. I heard the crunch of a leaf, and before my mind could tell my body to turn around, hands were already around my mouth and a scarf around my eyes. He pulled me into a car, duct taped my mouth, hands, and legs before I could even understand what was happening. I didn't know whether to scream, cry, move, or anything. My kidnapper, suddenly put a wet towel over my face, and before I knew it I was in a big room. Later on, I would find out that it was chloroform. I looked around the room, and found 3 more girls in the room. Lily, Alice, and Diamond. We all had name tags, but with duct tape on our mouths we couldn't speak. Finally two men came in, one apparently the an army general, and the other Secretary of State James Benedict. They told us that from here on out, were "of the country" and that we were the special ones chosen to "save the world". A bunch of bullshit. We were escorted to a different room, what looked to be an interrogation room, and was introduced to a woman we were instructed to call Aunt Linda. She finally told us the real reason we had been kidnapped and brought here. She told us, "The world needs more people. And we need your help to produce more. Plain and simple, we need your eggs as a means of activation. Over the next couple months maybe even years, we'll take your

eggs and use them to generate new humans to increase the world population.” A clear warning was made, “It is in your best interest to comply with the program. If you do, life for the duration of your stay can be pleasant, but if you don’t...your regret ever being born.” They stripped us down to our underclothes, took the tape off our mouths, and laid us in bed. Last “Your loudest scream will fall on deaf ears.” We cried for hours, praying that we would wake up and be back home. Hoping that the last few hours were just a terrible dream, but every time I opened my eyes I was staring at the same dark room, lying in the cold bed. That night I tried recounting the best times of my life. Most of them happened before the War broke out, back to when life was normal. It wasn’t perfect, it wasn’t terrible, it was a comfortable normal that during grave times like this I yearned for. The first thing to come to mind was my 16th birthday, my friends threw me a massive surprise party. All of my friends there. We partied way into the night, as I basked in the wave of love engulfing me. I remember towards the end of the night, as I was making my outside for my final surprise, my dad rolling down the street with a rose red 2019 Fiat spider. I was between laughter and tears of joy at all that was done for me. Looking back at it, I guess the universe chose that day as one final act of kindness as it saw the dark shadow that would soon cast over my future. I drifted back and forth from tears of sadness at my current situation to appreciation of the best times of my life. I was brought out of this cycle by with the bright lights of the room and the booming voice of a man. A man named Joe stood over me. He was tall white man, probably 6’5, muscular, possible army background told us we had five minutes to get ourselves ready before our we started our mission. Mission. What a way to label kidnapping and forced action. We quickly gathered our emotions together, as much as a kidnapped girl could, and where lead in a line into the same room we’d been in the previous night. Aunt Linda came in

and gave us the reason an agenda of our “new and better life.” We were informed that we’d be on lockdown in the facility at all times. We would be supplied with a new drug that triples the amount of times our ovulation cycle occurs. During this time, we would be taken to the medical ward where our eggs would be removed and combined with genetically modified sperm that would then be used to make more people. After this brief meeting we were given our drugs. A simple white pill, like any other drug you’ve taken, only this one would affect me more than anything else possibly could. We were escorted back to our room, with breakfast in hand. I hadn’t noticed how hungry I was until the smell of sizzling turkey bacon and sweet pancakes drifted into my nose. For the first half hour, the four of us ate in silence. I looked around the room, checking out every detail I could. It was pretty large, four beds, navy blue walls, no windows, and an empty closet. We sat in silence for the rest of the day, only moving around when called to get food and our drug. We were required to take them 3 times a day. In the next week the girls and I realized we’d be stuck together for the long haul and started warming up to one another. I observed how they acted, and crafted my own perception of them. Lily was the optimistic one. The youngest, barely 18, she always tried to lift the mood of sorrow and anger. She tried to play games, tell stories, and such although we weren’t the cheeriest bunch up to have fun. She often spoke of her big loving family whom she couldn’t wait to see once the program ended. She had her entire life planned. None of us had the courage to tell the poor girl that she’d probably never see them again. That she had come to the point of no return and would be stuck here forever. We let her live in a whatever bliss she created for herself to manage the pain. Next was Alice. Quiet girl, my age, around my age. Like me she had been taken on her way home from work. She was still slightly traumatized from the experience, and was scared of anything

else happening. She adopted the motto of “” and never challenged the authority. In most ways she was an ideal prisoner. Always did what she’s told, kept complaints to herself, and expressed no desire to leave. Accepting this as her fate, she had the mindset of listening and doing whatever it took to make it through both this day and the next. It was hard to get through her tough exterior, making it hard for any of us to get close to her. Then there was Diamond. The exact opposite of Alice, Diamond was a spitfire, She wasn’t shy to speak her feelings of disdain for the government and the program. Something that nearly got her ruffed up by The General. That’s the nickname we gave to Joe. She expressed her strong desire to figure a way out, and would try to get us together to find a way out. Her fierce personality and determination is why I found myself growing closest to her. One night after dinner, she told us her story. She was a single mother, lived with her mother, was taking classes at Community College while working a full time job. She was picking her son up from daycare when she was taken. The thing that plagued her mind most often was of the wellness of her family. She wanted to know that they were okay, and no one could give her the assurance that they indeed were. They tested our ovulation every other day trying to pick the perfect day. Diamond was the first one to experience the removal of her eggs. She was gone for about an hour and came back in a sea of rage and disgust feeling as though something had been stolen from her. And it indeed was. I was second. I remember slowing walked down the dimly lit hallway looking towards the big red doors. They had me completely undress and lay on an operating table. A man named Wayne introduced himself as the doctor. He said no more words to me before the procedure, instead just putting me to sleep. When I woke up, he was cleaning up and simply said, “You can go.” I don’t know if I was more angered at my bodily possessions between forced out of me or the fact that those doing

it had so little respect for what I was giving to them. We were giving them the “future of America” and they had not the decency to say thank you for our great contribution. It was that night as I laid in bed staring at the ceiling that I decided I was done. Previously I tried to convince myself to go along with the program and to keep myself safe in hopes that one day I’d be able to go home, however that feeling was long gone. I was no longer willing to actually give myself to those who were so unappreciative of it. I knew in that moment when he rudely told me to leave, that this was the end. I knew I had to escape. The next morning, right before The General, I told the girls we had something very important to discuss. When we got back to the room after retrieving breakfast, I expressed my strong feelings of disgust for the program and my desire to escape. Letting them know that if the four of us band together, we could possibly find a way out. Without even asking if there was a definite plan, they all agreed to participate. Even Alice who several times in the past spoke against escaping, arguing that dealing with our fate would be a better option. With the four of us in, we started to the planning. We realized early on that there would be a series of obstacles in our path. The first being The General. His job was to escort us everywhere, as we weren’t allowed to just walk through the facility. If we attempted to leave the room, he’d be right there watching us move, breathing down our backs. Even worse was that the door locked from the outside so we needed him to open the door in order for us to vacate the room. we’d have to dispose of The General. You see every time we left our room, he was there. Whether it be escorting us to breakfast, bathroom, or to see the doctor, he was there. The next being the code. You couldn’t open any door in the entire building without having your card scanned identifying who you are, and being that we were one step above prisoners of war we didn’t have those. The last and probably biggest thing was what would happen if we were

able to reach outside. We didn't know if we needed a car, keys, more identification, or if we'd run into other officials trying to get out. We spent the next two weeks planning as best as we could for escape. Putting every last drop of energy into the idea that we could go back to our lives, our family, back to civilization. We knew it was a difficult task at hand, but we all rather go down fighting for freedom than spend our last breath in arms of our attacker. The room rather, but you get the point. Then came the night. We chose to enact the plan at night, knowing most of the security had gone home. Phase 1 was getting rid of The General. Lily sounded the little alarm, alerting him of her having to use the bathroom. We used the moments before he got there as a final chance to breathe and go over the plan to ourselves. We laid in bed pretending to be sleep when The General opened the door. Ushering Lily out the door, I leaped outta bed and slammed a glass on the back of his head. He immediately dropped to the ground. I took his card and keys, locking the door of the room behind me. Lucky for thing the room was sound proof, so no one would know he was in there. We raced down the hall, knowing we had no time to waste. We traveled through several corridors, trying to find the one that would lead to our next destination. This was the first time we became aware just how large and completed the building was. We came to another dead end when we heard voices. A wave of fear washed over us, every one of our faces going pale. We slowly crept back down the corridor trying to locate the people while remaining hidden. Thinking we located it we tried to go down another hallway only to come face to face with Aunt Linda and another we were not familiar with. For a moment we all stood silently, staring at one another not sure what to say, what to do. Aunt Linda was the first to speak asking, "What in the world are you girls doing outta your room at this time of night. And alone, where's Joe." With no responses coming to mind, I turned around and ran as fast as I

could down the hallway. The other girls followed in unison followed me with Aunt Linda and her guard in hot pursuit. I managed to swipe the card to open the door and we all ran through...all beside Alice. The guard grabbed her by her ponytail and pulled her backwards. Last thing I heard her say was “guys help me, don’t leave me please.” But what could we do, we had to keep moving. We managed to get ourselves to an elevator, deciding to take it the second floor, and hoping to find a back stairwell. We need a route of exit that was not centered in the middle of guards. Just as we got off the elevator an announcement was made over the loudspeaker, “Four women have escaped from their dormitory. They are part of the Livelong program. They assaulted a guard, and have keys, possibly to a van. One has been captured, the others must be found immediately.” We hadn’t stepped five steps from the elevator when the heavy footsteps coming in all directions. Scared, all we could do was run. Alice suggested that we just turn ourselves in and hope for a lesser punishment, but for Diamond and I the stakes were high. We had come way too far, put too much energy and effort into planning and executing this escape for it to all be for nothing. Not knowing which way to go, Alice decided to look go to one side of the hallway and I the other to where they were coming. I hadn’t hit the end of the hallway when I heard a scream, followed by Diamond running past me telling me to come home. “She ran right into one of them. I couldn’t help her.” We couldn’t help her. Less than half hour since the start of our great governmental escape and we were already on already down to two. Diamond and I, the closest, had the mutual understand that we’d do everything it took. She was fully down for the cause. We made our way down the backs stairwell communicating mostly through hand gestures as we wanted to hear where everyone was, and didn’t want them to hear us. We got to the bottom and saw an opening to the lot where all of the cars were kept. This sight was met with relief as

we felt we had made it out, only to be reminded that we only had one set of keys and it was easily a dozen or so cars in the lot. We could not waste the time checking each car. They were already searching high and low for us, and would surely check here soon. We stood there for a few moments, not trying to conjure up an idea, but the best idea. The idea that would get the two of us to safety in the shortest and easiest way. In the midst of though my hand accidentally pressed a horn button on the automatic car key it goes off and the light inside temporarily flashes. It was all the way at the end of the lot, but with one glance at each other Diamond and I ran as fast as we could to the car knowing this was our one true chance to sleeve. It was pouring raining and we tried our best to be careful, although after the first teen seconds that went out the window and we aimed to do whatever it took to get to that car. Focused on getting to the car, it was as though nothing else was in the area. My deep concentration was broken by a scream. I turn around and there lays Diamond on the ground holding her ankle. She had a misstep and badly twisted her ankle. I grab her arms trying to pull her up but the slightest bit of pressure on her ankle cause a searing pain and she would immediately sit back down. The two of us look towards the building to see guards coming in our direction. Diamond turned to me and said, "Go, get in the car. I'll be fine. As long as one of us is able to expose them for what they're doing to us then we all win." I wanted with all my heart to bring Diamond along, but the both of us new she could not make it to the car on a twisted ankle. As I turned around to run she said, "Just in case I never see him again, tell my baby I love." We smiled at each other with me promising, and with that I ran to the car. Quickly unlocking it and hopping in. With fool speed, I drove past all the guards, breaking through the fence. The night sky mixed with the pouring rain made it hard for me to see, but I managed. It took a few minutes to find the nearest road, and I'd never been so happy to see one. I

drove down the long stretch of full with a mix of emotions. Elation that I made it out, worryness that they would be coming after me, remorse that the others had not made it here with me. And I drive down this road, I record my this story on an phone left in the glove department. In case sometimes, and I don't get to stand in front of not just the nation but the world exposing the political powers for their great injustice, just know that it happened. Know that the government took us four girls, and probably many others to feed their own agenda. Know that we fought tooth and nail to for our freedom. The phone is almost dead so I leave you with one last thing, fuck the powers that be, freedom is everything, and I never gave up hope of escaping. I am Janice Hall signing off.

Characterization: List the main characters here. ALSO write down what you know about them, and what questions you have about them / what you would like to know.

Janice Hall- She lives in San Francisco
Has a degree in political science
Attends Penn
Wanted to be a lawyer
Worked at Chili's as a waitress

Other girls- Lily not even 18
How is she "barely 18"

Wayne seems like a pimp

Sensory description: Is the author SHOWING and not telling? If they're guilty of using too many adjectives and adverbs, mark that up in the text and tell them here.

The author is more so telling, and showing certain things. Throughout the story there are a lot of adjectives and adverbs.

Continuity/Clarity: Does the order of events and commentary make sense? Any holes in the story? Describe here.

The order of the events and commentary does make sense. The only thing that I might be confused about is there is not much speaking from the characters. I am assuming the reason why is because it is written in first person.

Focus/Theme: What are you thinking about when you finished reading the story? What did you gain from it?

What I am thinking about when I am finished reading the story is how bad Janice Hall had to escape from the real life hell she was going through.

Lastly, a few specific formatting points. If the answer is no, **mark those mistakes in the text.**

- Is the dialogue formatted correctly, with proper punctuation? ("I don't care," Billy said.)
No

- Does the story use one tense (probably past tense) consistently?
The story does use one tense consistently

- Does the story avoid repeating itself? ("I'm so angry," Billy yelled. He was clearly very upset.)
The story avoids repeating

Fill out the boxes, and then use the space below to write your draft. Draft due Monday 6/5

In a few sentences, **what's your idea so far?** Describe your characters, conflict, plot. (You don't have to know everything yet.)

After deadly chemicals are released during the third world war, 75% of the female population end up dead. With the threat of severely decreasing reproduction, governments all across the world began kidnapping the few women left, stealing their eggs, and creating new people. In order for the ploy to stay secret, the women are kept locked in secret facilities or killed. The main character Janice finds herself kidnapped, and must figure out a way to escape not just with her eggs, but with her life.

Look back to our creative point of view activity on Canvas. **Which point(s) of view do you plan to write your story in? Why?**

I plan to write from the first person point of view of the main character Janice. Since this is something that would have great effects on the person, it would be most impactful coming from the characters themselves.

What role does **science fiction play in the story?** Explain how it will appear, and what effect it will have on the story.

Science fiction in this story will be represented by the creation of new people with the sperm of stolen women. It will be the reason as to why the few women left are being stolen.

What are you most worried about with this benchmark? What is your weak spot when it comes to creative writing, or writing in general?

I'm most worried about creating a fully developed story in 10-15 pages. My weak spot is overwriting.